

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

NO GOD!

The following verses by that sweetest of American poetesses, Mrs. Lydia Hunt Sigourney, suggested by the words in the 14th Psalm of David, "The foot hath said in his heart, there is no God," is one of the finest things in the language: "No God! No God!" The simplest flower That on the wild is found, Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew, And trembles at the sound: "No God!"—astonished Echo cries From out her cavern hour, And every wandering bird that flies Reproves the Atheist lore. The solemn forest lifts its head, The Almighty to proclaim, The brooklet, on its crystal run, Doth leap to give his name, How swells the deep and vengeful sea, Along his billowy track, The red Vesuvius opens his mouth To hurl the falsehood back. The palm-tree, with its princely crest, The cocoa's leafy shade, The bread fruit bending to its lord, In you far-island glade; The winged seeds, that borne by winds, The roving sparrows feed, The meek, on the desert sands, Confute the scoffer's creed. "No God!" With indignation high, The fervent Sun is stirr'd, And the pale Moon turns paler still, At such an impious word; And from their burning throats, the Stars Look down with angry eye, That thus a worm of dust should mock Eternal majesty.

A Romance of War.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Few of those who were roused from their sleep by the Russian volleys at daylight on the 25th of November, will cease to retain to this day a vivid impression of the scene which followed. The alarm passed through the camps—there was mounting in hot haste of men scarce yet awake, whose late dreams mixed with the stern reality of the summons to battle—many of whom, hastening to the front, were killed before they well knew why they had been so hastily aroused. Breathless servants opened the tents to call their masters—scared grooms held the stirrups—and staff-officers, galloping by, called out that the Russians were attacking in force. It was a dark foggy morning, the plains miry, and the herbage dank. Cold mists rose from the valley, and hung heavily above the plains. During the darkness the enemy had assembled in force in the valley of the Tchernaya, between Inkermann and the harbor. A marsh renders this part of the valley impassable except by the Woronzoff road, which after winding round the sides of the steep bluffs, stretches level, straight, and solid, across the low ground. The Russian artillery had very probably crossed this in the night, and been brought with muffled wheels to a level point of the road where, concealed by the jutting of the hill, it waited till the repulse of our outposts should afford it the opportunity of advancing to its destined position. At dawn they made their rush upon our advanced posts of the second division on the crest looking down into the valley, which fell back fighting upon the camp behind the crest, 1300 yards in rear. The outposts of the division were well accustomed to skirmish with the enemy on the same ground; but Captain Robert Hume of the 55th, whom I met going out in command of a picket the night before, and who was shot through the knee in the action, told me that the Russians had ceased to molest us there since their repulse on the 26th of October. A picket of the light division, in the ravine on the left, was captured with its officer. The outpost driven in, the hill was immediately occupied by the enemy's field artillery and guns of position. These latter are so named, because they are of too large calibre to be moved from point to point with ease, and are generally stationary during a battle in some position which has been previously selected for them. Their range is greater than that of field artillery; at shorter ranges their aim is more accurate, and the shells they throw are more destructive. The heaviest guns were placed on the highest points, where they remained throughout the day, and the field guns spread themselves down the slope, opposite our right. Our field batteries, coming up the slope in succession, as they were more or less distant from the second division, found themselves exposed at once to the fire of pieces answering to our 18-pounder guns and 32-pounder howitzers, so placed on the crest of the opposite hill that only their muzzles were visible. Over the brow and along the face of the gentle acclivity, shot came crashing, dashing up the earth and stones, and bounding through the trees left standing lower down the slope, while shells exploded in the misty air with an angry jar. Many men and horses were killed before they saw the enemy. Capt.

Allix of Gen. Evans' staff was dashed from his saddle, not far from his own tent, by a round shot, and fell dead. At the first alarm the crest in front of the tents had been occupied by some troops of the second division. To their left extended the 47th and two companies of the 49th, which were immediately joined by Buller's brigade of the light division. Arriving on the ground, these regiments and companies found themselves close to a Russian column advancing up the ravine, which they at once charged with the bayonet and drove back. The 41st, with the remainder of the 49th, had been sent to the right with Brigadier Adams, and advanced to the edge of the heights looking upon Inkermann. On arriving at the front, I was sent to this part of the ground with three guns, which opened on a column of the enemy, apparently about 5000 strong descending the side of a steep hill on the other side of the Woronzoff road, and pursued it with their fire till the side of the ravine hid it from view. Soon afterwards the enemy swarmed up our side of the ravine, in such force that the 41st and 49th fell back; but the Guards, marching up by companies as they could be mustered, came on to that part of the ground in succession, and, passing on each side of our guns, checked the enemy's advance. Hitherto all that was known had been that there was an attack in force; the numbers and design of the enemy were now evident. The plan of the Russians was, after sweeping the ridge clear by their heavy concentrated fire to launch some of their columns over it, while others, diverging to their left, after crossing the marsh, passed round the edge of the cliffs opposite Inkermann, and turned our right. The artillery fire had not continued long before the rush of infantry was made. Crowds of skirmishers, advancing through the coppice (which, as before mentioned, everywhere covered the field), came on in spite of the case shot, which tore many of them to pieces almost at the muzzles of our guns, and passed within our lines, forcing the artillery to limber up and retire down the slope, and spiking a half-battery which was posted behind one of the small banks of earth mentioned before as the beginning of an entrenchment. Two companies of the 55th, lying down there retreated as the Russians leapt over it, firing as they went back, and halted on a French regiment that was marching up the hill. The Russians retreated in their turn, and the French, arriving at the crest, were for a moment astonished at the fire of artillery which there met them, while the Russian infantry from the coppice poured in a volley. They halted, as if about to waver; but Gen. Pennefather riding in front and cheering them on, they went gallantly down the slope under the tremendous fire, driving the enemy before them. It was a critical moment, and the French regiment did good service to the army by its very timely advance. Almost simultaneously with this attack on the centre, and as part of it, a body of Russians had passed round the edge of the cliff, and met the Guards there. There was a two gun battery, revetted with gabions and sandbags, on the edge of the slope opposite the ruins of Inkermann, which had been erected for the purpose of driving away some guns which the Russians were placing in battery near the Ruins. This effected, our guns had been removed. Into this the Guards threw themselves, the Grenadiers extending to the right, the Fusiliers to the left of the battery, and the Coldstreams across the slope towards our centre. The Russians came on in great numbers with extraordinary determination. Many were killed in the embrasures of the battery, and the Guards repeatedly attacked them with the bayonet, till having exhausted their ammunition, and lost nearly half their number, they were forced to retire before the continually increasing force of the enemy. They left one of their officers, Sir Robert Newman, lying there wounded by a bullet. Being reinforced they returned, drove the enemy out of the battery, and found Newman there dead from bayonet wounds. He, as well as many other disabled men, had been savagely killed by the enemy. Townsend's battery of the fourth division arrived at the left of the position during one of the rushes made by the enemy. Four of the guns were taken almost as soon as they were unlimbered, the Russians being close to them in the coppice unawares; but some of the 58th and 49th retook them before they had been many seconds in the enemy's hands—Lieut. Miller, R. A., taking a leading part in the recapture of one of the guns of his own division of the battery. In all these attacks on our left, the Russians were prevented from turning that flank of Codrington's brigade of the light division, which posted on the further bank of the ravine, skirmished in and across it with the enemy's infantry during the day. Four guns had been detached early in the battle to support this brigade; but they were met, whenever they came into action, by so heavy a fire, that they were compelled to remain inactive, for the most part, under the shelter of a large mound of earth. When the Russian infantry was driven back, a cannonade recommenced along their whole line to which our guns replied warmly, though overmatched in metal and numbers. The Russians were computed to have sixty pieces, of which many were guns of position; while we had six 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; but our gunners continued the fire with admirable steadiness. Soon after the Guards came up on the right, the three guns first sent there had been withdrawn for fresh ammunition, having fired away all in the limbers, and being separated from their wagons. I had then gone to the ridge, where the road crossed it. The duel of artillery was at its height—there was not a moment when shot were not rushing or shells exploding among the guns, men and horses going down before them. Grapeshot, too, occasionally showered past, from which it would appear that the Russians had brought some

iron guns into position, as grape fired from brass pieces would destroy the bore from the softness of the metal. The ships in the harbor, and the battery at the Round Tower, also threw shot and shell on the slope. This cannonade was the preface to another infantry attack, which again threatened our right, and a battery was ordered to that flank. While I was delivering the order, a round shot passed through my horse close to the saddle, and rolled us over. He had shortly before been struck by a musket ball in the haunch, which did not disable him; and had been wounded by a cannon-ball at the Alma, being one of the few horses that ever survived such an event. This was the poor fellow's last shot; while on the ground another cannon shot passed through him. A sergeant of artillery—a very fine young fellow, named McKewen, ran to extricate me; he had just lifted me from under the horse, and I was just in the act of steadying myself on his shoulder, when a shot carried off his thigh, and he fell back on me, uttering cries as if of amazement at the suddenness of his misfortune. I laid him gently down, resting on a bush, and looked at the wound; the leg was smashed, and almost severed. Calling two men to carry him to the rear, I then hastened to the right after the battery. Advancing in the thick bushes beyond the spot where the battery had come into action, I turned about and saw it retiring. It was already some distance, and the movement was explained by the appearance of a line of Russian infantry suddenly extending along the upper edge of the slope, between me and our alignment, and at about forty yards' distance. On my left, lower down the slope, as I turned towards our position, men of different regiments, principally guardsmen, were retreating from the two-gun battery. The Duke of Cambridge galloped past me, calling to the men to fire, and ran the gauntlet of the whole Russian line, escaping with a bullet through his sleeve. Being lame from a recent injury, I considered myself lost—the bullets cut the branches and leaves on every side, and all attempts to rally were met by the unanswerable reply that their ammunition was spent. At that moment the right of the position was absolutely without defence, and the enemy by advancing resolutely must have turned it. But from panic or some other cause, they most fortunately retired instead of advancing—a friendly dip in the ground afforded a shelter for their last shots, and the men who had retreated rallied and laid down under the low entrenchment already open of which their officers distributed fresh packets of ball cartridges. On the entrenchment a heavy fire of artillery was directed, which continued nearly an hour. An officer whom I met here, to whom I was lamenting the loss of my horse, told me he had placed his in a hollow close at hand, where he was quite secure—but going to visit him presently afterwards, he found that a shell had penetrated this admirable retreat, and blown him to pieces. I saw a magnificent chestnut gun-horse prostrated here by a single destructive shell, and five of the six did not rise again. Many of the men of the fourth division had but just returned from the trenches when the attack of the Russians commenced. They as well as those who had been on duty during the night, were at once marched to the scene of action a mile and a half distant. Arriving at the tents of the second division, they received contradictory orders, and the regiments were separated. Part of the 20th and 68th, and two companies of the 46th, passing to the right of the position, were ordered to support the remnant of the two gun battery. These fresh troops at once charged the enemy, routed them and pursued them to the verge of the heights, when, returning victorious, they found the battery, as they repossessed it, again occupied by Russians, a fresh force of whom had mounted the cliff from the valley. It was while collecting his men to meet this new and unexpected foe that Sir George Cathcart, who had advanced with this part of his division, was shot dead. At this juncture the remainder of Bosquet's division, except his reserve, came up on the right, and passing at once over the crest, threw themselves into the combat, and fighting side by side with our regiments, pressed the Russians back. A *porte drapeau* (ensign bearing the colors) of a French battalion, displayed gallantry in this advance, leaping on the battery and waving the colors, amid a shower of bullets, from which he escaped unhurt. Some French cavalry were moved up at this time; but the ground was unfit for this arm, and they were withdrawn, having lost some men and horses. Shortly after the French regiments came to support ours, we received other efficient aid. Seeing that our field-artillery was unequally matched with the Russian guns of position, Lord Raglan had despatched an order to the depot of the siege train, distant about half a mile, for two iron 18-pounders, the only English guns of position landed from the ships which were not already placed in the defensive works at Balaklava and elsewhere.—These were at once brought up by Lieut-Colonel Gambier, the commander of the siege train, who, as he ascended the hill, was wounded by a grapeshot, which contused his chest and obliged him to leave the field. The guns were then brought up and placed in position among our field batteries by Lieut-Colonel Dickson, who directed their fire with admirable coolness and judgment, which he continued to display till the close of the battle, under a cannonade which, at these two guns alone, killed or wounded seventeen men. In a short time, the Russian field-pieces, many of them disabled were compelled to withdraw; and a French field battery coming up shortly after the 18-pounders opened their fire, posted itself on the right and did excellent service, though exposed, like our own guns, to a tremendous cannonade, which killed many of their men and horses, and also blew up an ammunition wagon.

Between these two opposing fires of artillery a fierce desultory combat of skirmishers went on in the coppice. Regiments and divisions, French and English, were here mixed; and fought hand to hand with the common enemy, who never again succeeded in advancing, nor in obtaining, in any part of the field, even a partial success. About noon the fire of the Russian guns slackened, as was surmised, from want of ammunition. After a time they reopened, though not with their former fierceness. Their intended surprise, supported by the attack of their full force, had utterly failed; their loss had been enormous, and the Allies had been reinforced. The battle was prolonged only by the efforts of their artillery to cover the retreat of the foiled and broken battalions. During the battle Sir De Laey Evans, who had been sick on board ship at Balaklava, rode up to the field with his aid-de-camp, Boyle, and calling me by name, began to question me about the battle. He looked extremely ill, but was as cool and intrepid as he always is in action. While I was speaking to him, a shell, crashing through some obstacles close by, rose from the ground, passed a foot or two above our heads, and dropping amid a group a few yards behind us, exploded there, wounding some of them—but Sir de Laey did not turn his head. Officers and men fought the battle fastiged. About two o'clock a group of us being near General Pennefather's tent, he told his servant to bring out wine and biscuits, which were never more welcome. A shell bursting over the hill sent its freight of bullets through and through the group without even touching anybody. About three o'clock the French and English generals with their staffs passed along the crest of the disputed hill. The enemy's guns, replying to ours, still sent a good many shot over the ridge. But this survey of the field showed it free from the presence of the enemy, whose infantry had withdrawn behind the opposite hill. At half-past three, their guns withdrew, and the whole force of the enemy retired across the Tchernaya, pursued by the fire of a French battery supported by two battalions, which, being pushed forward to a slope of the heights commanding the causeway across the marsh, converted their retreat into a fight. At the commencement of the battle, Li-Prandi's force had moved forward, threatening two distinct points of our line—while a sally was made in force on the French trenches, which was repulsed, with a loss to the enemy of a thousand men, the French pursuing them within their works. Until the arrival of the fourth division and the French ground was held by about 5000 of our troops. In all, 8000 English and 6000 French were engaged. The Russian force was estimated by Lord Raglan at 60,000. Few great battles require less military knowledge to render them intelligible than this. The plan of the enemy was, after having succeeded in placing their guns unopposed in the required position, to pour on one particular point of our line which they knew to be inadequately guarded, a fire which should at once throw the troops assembling for its defence into disorder, and then to press on at the same point with overwhelming masses of infantry. Our position once penetrated, the plains afforded ample space for the employment of the columns, which might then attack in succession the different corps of the allied army scattered on the plateau at intervals too wide for mutual and concerted defence. The Russians succeeded in posting their artillery, in sweeping the field selected with a tremendous fire, and in bringing an enormous superior force to a vigorous and close attack. According to all calculation they were justified in considering the day their own. But the extraordinary valor exhibited by the defenders of the position set calculations at defiance. At every point alike the assailants found scanty numbers but impenetrable ranks. Before them everywhere was but a thin and scattered line opposed to their solid masses and numerous skirmishers, yet beyond it they could not pass. No doubt to their leaders it must long have appeared incredible they could fall. Again bravely led, they came bravely to the assault, and with the same result unwillingly, they at length saw that if the allied troops could resist successfully when surprised, no hope remained of defeating them, now that they were reinforced as well as on their guard. On our part it was a confused and desperate struggle. Colonels of regiments led on small parties, and fought like subalterns, captains like privates. Once engaged, every man was his own general. The enemy was in front advancing, and must be beaten back. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, not in wide waves, but in broken tumultuous billows. At one point the enemy might be repulsed, while at a little distance, they were making their most determined rush. To stand on the crest and breathe awhile, was to our men no rest, but far more trying than the close combat of infantry, where there were human foes with whom to match, and prove strength, skill, and courage, and to call forth the impulses which blind the soldiers to death or peril. But over that crest posted incessantly the resistless cannon-shot, in whose rush there seemed something vindictive, as if each were beset by some angry demon; crashing through the bodies of men and horses and darting from the ground on a second course of mischief. The musket-ball, though more deadly, and directed to an individual mark, bears nothing appalling in its sound, and does not mutilate or disfigure where it strikes. But, fronting uncovered and inactive a range of guns which hurl incessantly those iron masses over and around you, while on all sides are seen their terrible trace, it is difficult to stave off the thought than, in the next instant, your arm or leg may be dangling from your body a crushed and bloody mass, or your spirit driven rudely through a hideous wound

across the margin of the undiscovered country. Rarely has such an artillery fire been so concentrated, and for so long on an equally confined space. The whole front of the battle field, from the ravine on the left to the two-gun battery on the right, was about three quarters of a mile. Nine hours of such close fighting, with such intervals of cessation, left the victors in no mood for rejoicing. When the enemy finally retired, there was no exultation, as when the field of the Alma was won: it was a gloomy though a glorious triumph. Neither our loss or that of the enemy was fully known that day; but a glance at any part of the ground showed the slaughter to be immense. A few of the enemy were dead within our lines; along the whole front of the position they lay thick in the coppice. Every bush hid a dead man, and in some places small groups lay heaped. In a spot which might have been covered by a common bell-tent, I saw lying four Englishmen and three Russians. All the field was strewn: but the space in front of the two gun battery, where the Guards fought bore terrible pre-eminence in slaughter. The sides of the hill, up to and round the battery, were literally heaped with bodies. It was painful to see the noble Guardsmen, with their large forms and fine faces, lying amidst the low-browed Russians. One Guardsman lay just in advance of the battery extended on his back, with his arms raised in the very act of thrusting with his bayonet; he had been killed by a bullet entering through his right eye. His coat was open, and I read his name on the Guernsey frock underneath—an odd name,—"Mustow." While I was wondering why his arms had not obeyed the laws of gravity, and fallen by his side when he fell dead, a Guardsman came up and told me he had seen Mustow rush out of the battery and charge with the bayonet with which he was thrusting at two or three of the enemy when he was shot dead. In their last charge the Russians must have unavoidably trodden at every step on the bodies of their comrades. In the bushes all around wounded men were groaning in such numbers, that some lay two days before their turn came to be carried away. I passed a Russian with a broken leg, whom some scoundrel had stripped to his shirt, and calling a soldier who was passing, desired him to take a coat from a dead man and put on the unfortunate creature; at the same time directing the attention of a party of men collecting the wounded to the place where he lay. Passing the same spot the next day, the Russian, still stript to his shirt, lay motionless, with his eyes closed. I told a French soldier who was near, to see if he was dead; the Frenchman, stropping up with his hands in his pockets, pushed his foot against the Russian's head; the stiffened body moved altogether like a piece of wood, and the soldier, with a shrug and one word "mort" passed on. Large trenches were dug on the ground for the dead; the Russians lay apart; the French and English were ranged side by side. Few sights can be imagined more strange and sad in their ghastliness than that of dead men lying in ranks, shoulder to shoulder, with upturned faces, and limbs compressed, except where some stiffened arm and hand remain pointing upward. The faces and hands of the slain assume immediately after death, the appearance of wax or clay; the lips parting show the teeth and the hair and mustache become frowsy, and the body of him who, half an hour before was a smart soldier, wears a soiled and faded aspect. Down the ravine along which the Woronzoff road runs to the valley, the dead horses were dragged and lay in rows; the English artillery alone lost eighty. The ravine, like all those channelling the plains, is wild and barren; the sides have been cut down steeply for the sake of the limestone which lies close to the surface, in beds of remarkable thickness. A lime-kiln, about ten feet square, afforded a ready-made sepulchre for the enemy left on this part of the field, and was filled with bodies to the top, on which a layer of earth was then thrown. While I was on the ground, a day or two after the battle, several shells were thrown from the ships in the harbor, some of which pitched amongst the parties collecting the wounded. General Pennefather, finding I was going to headquarters, desired to deliver a message stating the fact. Next day a flag of truce was sent into the town to complain of this, and further to say that, both in this battle and the action of Balaklava, Russian soldiers had been seen killing our wounded on the field; demanding if the war was to be carried on in this manner. The answer of Prince Menschikoff was that the shells had been directed, not at the parties engaged in clearing the field, but at those intrenching the position; and that, if any of the wounded had been put to death, it could have been only in a few particular instances; in excuse of which he remarked, that the Russian soldiers were much exasperated in consequence of the fire from the French trenches having destroyed one of the churches of Sevastopol. WELL ANSWERED.—Uncle Bill Tidd was a drover from Worcester County. Being exposed to all weather, his complexion suffered some; but at the best he was none of the whitest. Stopping at a public house near Brighton, a man rich in this world's goods, but of notoriously bad character thought as Uncle Bill came in, he would make him the butt of a joke. "As the black face of the weather-beaten man appeared in the door-way, he exclaimed—'Mercy on us! how dark it grows!'" Uncle Bill, surveying him from head to foot coolly answered— "Yes, sir; your character and my complexion are enough to darken any room." "An old bachelor, on seeing the words 'Families supplied,' over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in, and said he would take a wife and two children."

Marriage Under Difficulties. A few days since I was present at a marriage which had some things about it so new and romantic that I am tempted to give you a short description. For a day and night preceding the appointment, there had been an incessant fall of rain, which added to the deep snow in the mountains, caused a rapid rise of the water. Parson B—, of both counties, had been invited to perform the ceremony. Anticipating difficulty—and, perhaps, remembering defeat in days of yore, he set out from home early in the morning, with the hope of passing the water-course before they were too full. Vain hope. When he reached the neighborhood, he was told that the river was swollen beyond any possibility of crossing with any safety. It is often hard to start a wedding, but when started, it is a great deal harder to stop it. The parson having secured the company of a friend in the neighborhood, determined to make every effort to accomplish his mission, and if there must be a failure, let it be after a fair trial. By a circuitous route, he and his companion succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, opposite to and only a few hundred yards distant from the house. A loud halloo soon brought the wedding party to a parley on the bank of the river. The whole difficulty was before them; the parson could not advance a step further without swimming a dangerous mountain torrent, covered with huge sheets of floating ice. But where there is a will there is a way, though there be neither bridge nor boat. It was proposed that the parson should marry them across the rolling flood. This proposition was acceded to. Yet the parson declared that it behoved them to act lawfully, and insisted on his warrant being transmitted to his hands. Happily for us in this free country, the law does not prescribe how this is to be accomplished, neither does it state at what distance the officiating officer shall stand. In this case the license was bound close round a stone of suitable size, and the whole being wrapped with thread so as to make it tight and compact, was thrown across the river. The feat of throwing it was performed by the bridegroom, while his young bride was standing by him. And it was a throw with a hearty good will. That man knew he was throwing for a wife, and the only question with him was wife or no wife. There stood the anxious group—what suspense! it might miscarry—it might be turned by some overhanging limb, and find a watery grave. With a powerful swing of the arm it started, and mounting high, took its onward and airy flight. I had learned long before, that "whatever goes up must come down," but I felt some misgiving as to where the come down might be in this case. The moment of suspense was soon over. The little missile, freighted with a document so important, sped its way through the air in a most beautiful arch, high over the wide waters, and a shout of triumph announced its fall upon terra firma. To unwrap and read was the work of a moment. The parties were already arranged, with joined hands, and Parson B, with uncovered head, stood as gracefully and as lightly as he could upon a quicksand at the edge of the river, and with voice distinctly heard above the roar of waters the marriage was consummated. Well pleased at so favorable a termination of what a little before had been a forlorn hope the groups on either bank took off their several ways. Whatever else I may forget, I never can forget that throw. Horrible Affair. EXECUTION OF ARTS, THE MURDERER, AT SYDNEY.—The following is one of the most horrible affairs that we have ever read. We copy from the Dayton (O.) Gazette of the 27th ult. This wretched man, who as our readers will remember, was convicted in the Court of Common Pleas, of Shelby county, a few months ago, of an atrocious murder committed on the person of his own daughter, was hung yesterday. From private sources, we learn that the execution exhibited a scene of horror to which it would be difficult to furnish a parallel. The trial, the prison, and the near approach of death had failed to subdue the spirits of the guilty man, or reduce him to a submissive frame of mind. Since his conviction, his conversation has consisted principally of expressions of defiance to the officers of the law, varied with the most horrid blasphemies and obscenities. As he was a very muscular man, and had repeatedly asserted that he would not be hung, the Sheriff, as a matter of precaution, had called in outsiders to the amount of twenty-five or thirty to assist in the execution of the sentence; but such desperate resistance did the negro make, that even this force was hardly equal to the terrible task that devolved upon him. As the condemned man was taken out of his cell, in spite of the heavy iron to his arms and legs, he burst away from those in charge of him, and for some time kept every one at bay by striking in all directions with his shackled hands. At length, by the united force of some twenty men, he was overpowered and dragged to the gallows. But even after he was swung off, he managed to spring up, and by tightly holding on to the rope, to keep himself alive for half an hour, until there was danger that his life would overrun the time allowed by law for the execution and the officers were obliged to choke him by main force. An immense crowd had assembled to witness the horrid scene, but the strictly private character of the execution disappointed their expectations. A collegian undertook to enlighten a substantial farmer on the subject of annual-culture. To illustrate, the student applied his microscope to the cheese which the man was eating. "There," said he, "don't you see them wiggle?" "Well," said the old gentleman, quietly placing the cheese in his mouth, "let them wiggle—I can stand it as long as they can."